



REMEMBRANCE SERVICE FOR THOSE
WHO DIED HOMELESS POSTPONED

COMPOSED, PRODUCED
AND PERFORMED BY
MARK SHEEKY

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Remembrance Service
For Those Who Died Homeless Postponed



Pentangel Books

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Lyrics by Mark Sheeky

Music composed, produced, and performed
by Mark Sheeky

Track durations refer to CD version

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Remembrance Service
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1. The City of Fog and Shadows (04:35)
2. An Empty Service (03:24)
3. Remembrance Service (05:11)
4. I Don't Really Go Out Any More (01:44)
5. The Unremembered (06:23)
6. Photograph of Heaven (04:06)
7. We Liked Him He Had Something to Say (02:13)
8. The Leaves of Autumn Are Many (03:20)

A photograph of a dilapidated, abandoned building, possibly a church or a public structure, with a red overlay and a black diagonal line. The building features ornate architectural details, including arched windows and a central figure in a niche. The foreground is dominated by a large, crumpled red plastic bag. The overall mood is somber and evocative.

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Remembrance Service

Remembrance Service

All the hopes.
All the tears.
All the dreams
over years.
All the worries,
wasted.
All the scrape,
and struggle.

All the rain
poured away
from tomorrow
to yesterday.
All the rainbows.
All the sun.
All the endings
re-begun...

And through it all
we had each other,
even when
we were apart.

All the steps
we walked together.

Remembrance Service

All the wishes
of happy ever.
All those moments
in my heart
even when
we are apart.

Remembrance Service

I Don't Really Go Out Any More

I don't.

I don't really.

I don't.

I don't really go out.

I don't really go out any more.

The Unremembered

Hey friend,
do you recognise me? No?
We were brothers once.
We were lovers once.
But nobody remembers, it seems
my contributions have become
the material of dreams.

I'm the unremembered
in the undersun.
The unremembered.
I'm the unremembered
in a dying end.

Hey girl, hey boy,
I'm as hollow as a lie.
There's no voice here, it seems
The world has woken up today
but left me in its dreams.

They walk with you,
the unremembered
in the pale light
of the unthought.

Remembrance Service

Have you forgotten
all those people
you once called friend
but now pass by,
the unremembered?

You are remembered
by the souls
whose virtues
were not recorded,
by the souls,
like me,
the unremembered.

Remembrance Service

Photograph of Heaven

That was how it was supposed to be,
I was supposed to win.
Have a home of my own.
Someone to love within.

I was supposed to use my genius
to help and heal the world,
to solve the complex problems
of global enmity,

and with the wealth conveyed upon me,
create a wondrous masterpiece
of an enduring beauty...

but the fractures started early on,
those tracks were somewhat broken
I became derailed,
distracted,
and then I died...

...but it's not over, perhaps
my life has just begun
perhaps my tale will twist again
under heaven's sun

Remembrance Service

supplanting Sparks on the second week
to get to number one
with my photograph of heaven making Time.

Who can say?

We never know
how things are going to turn out.

Remembrance Service

We Liked Him, He Had Something to Say

We liked him, he had something to say.

We liked him, he had something to say.

We didn't think we'd miss him when he died today
but we liked him, he had something to say.

We want him, want a piece of the pie.

We want him, want a piece of the pie.

We didn't really think of it when he was alive
but we miss him, why did he have to die?

